THE PURSUIT OF THE MOOSE.

CALLING AND STILL HUNTING COMPARED.

Wooderaft and Skill Required in Both -Caution of the Bull Moose-Big Beast Moves Silently in Dry Underbrush-Story of a Moose Killed in Still Hunting.

ANNAPOLIS, N. S., Jan, 21 .- What do I think of the comparative sportsmanship of calling and still hunting moose?" re-peated Uncle Ned Buckshaw. "Well, that's question that has come more than once the old moose hunter. I don't just see how we can decide it.'

Here the old man drew his eyebrowe together judicially and jammed the tobacco deeper into his corncob.

"It depends pretty much on what the true elements of sportsmanship in hig game hunting are supposed to be," he said. I take it there are two principal onesfirst, and most important, giving the game a fair chance for its life, and second, the skill and endurance necessary for success.

"In regard to the conditions under which either method may be practised still hunting appears to be the easier, for it may dertaken in almost any weather except a dead calm, while it is practically useless to attempt to call moose unless there is absolutely no wind stirring. Even when a bull has heard and answered the call and has started to come he is lost to you the moment a breath of air moves.

While so long as a dead calm prevails the moose's instinct tells him it is useless to try to use his wonderful nose, the instant he sniffs even the slightest breeze he at once ceases to put his trust for protection in ears and eyes alone, and invariably changes his course so that he approaches the calling agent from the leeward side. Then he unfailingly smells you, and the proboscis of a bull moose, as sensitive as it is gigantic, never yet mistook the scent of a man for that of his mate.

"This very fact of the wary, fear some approach of the big beast effectually disposes of the idea that he forgets hi natural caution during the mating season. He comes sometimes like a cat. How often has it happened to me, when calling, to see the bull suddenly standing there in front of me not fifty vards away, not a sound having come to my ears of his approach, though the calm was so profound that my watch seemed to tick like a church clock and the bog through which he came was covered with dry underbrush? Such a thing seems almost incredible in an animal weighing from 800 to 1,300 pounds.

"Once in a while, to be sure, an old bully of a moose, accustomed to lord it over all rivals, will come to the tryst in a totally different manner. I shall never forget one night when we slept out (without a tent) on Oscar Bog up on the Tobeatic. "We had committed the in my eyes unpardonable sin of calling in the evening nstead of waiting for what seemed sure to be an ideal calling morning, and crawled into our blankets without having heard any answer. About midnight I was roused by a noise on the bog and sat up quietly to listen.

"It was pitch dark and a dead calm and, my word, wasn't it cold! Well, I thought the Flying Bluenose express was coming across that bog. And how he did speak! Wah! Wah! But no man could come anywhere near imitating that great, hoarse coughing bellow. It wasn't the usual rather quiet 'O-ah!' of the answering bull, but a big, resonant, explosive sound, as from lungs of brass.

"He came across the 200 yards of bog speaking every fifteen or twenty seconds and smashing the frozen hardbacks under his immense hoofs. Of course, I could not see a yard in front of me, but his voice and the noise he made told plainly enough next morning by his mighty tracks.

"He was certainly on the rampage, for he never ceased speaking until he had crossed the bog, plunged through the brook not sixty yards from us, and, not finding the cow he expected, ascended the hill behind and disappeared. It was, of course, impossible to do anything, owing to the intense darkness. I shall never forget how that great voice rolled out over the bog through the still frosty, night, his mighty splash through the brook and the way in which he smashed to pieces the young maples as he went up the hillside, evidently spoiling for a fight.

"That one was a great exception though. As a rule moose are timid. Even when engaged in fierce battle two bulls will quit the fight and run on the appearance of a man, and few of the stories of charging moose, as well as those that keep a hunter up a tree for hours, are strictly true, though such incidents do occur.

"Taking up the second point of comparison, skill and endurance, I should say that great skill is required for both methods of hunting, while more bodily endurance is required of the still hunter.

"In the art of calling the principal requirements are a knowledge of the nature and habits of the animal, the capacity of imitating closely the many lows, grunts and whines of both cow and bull, ability to read the signs aright, general good judgment in regard to the lay of the land. proper placing of the hunters and caller, &c., and, the most difficult thing of all, the handling of the bull when he is coming, and particularly when he hesitates to come out into view beyond the cover of the shel-

"The elements of skill which go to make up the successful still hunter are rather harder to define. They comprise, like those of the other method, a thorough knowledge of woodcraft and of the habits of the quarry, ability to read tracks and signs aright and to progress noiselessly through barren, swamp and forest.

"The still hunter must be more of opportunist than the caller, for the latter, once having chosen his stand, does not move from its immediate vicinity, while the still hunter must be ready to take advantage of the slightest change in atmos-

phere, wind or ground. "We start from camp lightly dressed, but with wool next the skin. Moose shanks or larrigans encase our feet, the outer pair of stockings being long and drawn up over our trousers. Woollen mittens or gloves are the best, as they are warm, even when wet,

and can be jerked off quickly when the time comes to shoot. "Many Indians wear light caps; which they put into their pockets when the game is near, going bareheaded. I like a felt hat with a brim that protects all around from

underbrush and the forest wet. "The best still hunting party consists of one man, the next best of two, &c., the chances of a successful hunt diminishing rapidly as the number of hunters is increased. More than three should never go still hunting together, though two pairs are admissible. This, however, is not much practised in the Maritime Provinces, as separation means danger of shooting into one another.

"The vicinity of Round Hill has been chosen for the hunt, the hill being the highest elevation, not a great one, in this part and maple swamps between hardwood

"It is all good moose country and we must be on the lookout for signs. The most important of these at this time o' year is browsings, and they must be fresh. Hellol See that young moose-wood [striped maple] Peeled well, isn't it? Yes, that's browsing all right; but let's see. Hm! No, it wasn't done yesterday, nor yet the day before. But, careful now, it may be a yard all the

"No, that isn't a track. You'll know one oon enough when you find one in this fresh snow, only a couple of inches, but enough to leave a new track like a snowplough furrow. Sh! Look here' That's browsing and mighty fresh too; last night or this morning early. Track'll tell. Yes,

sir. He was feeding here this morning. "You remember how the wind changed some time last night? A moose feeds down to the leeward side of his yard, and that means in this case that he's gone right back as we're going now.

"Now, unless that moose is a long way off, he may have got our scent already which case the hunt's up for to-day, But let's believe in our luck and have a try

"It's got to be a big walk around, because, if he is so far away as not to smell us, it'll be a good half mile even in this light breeze, and to make things more certain we'll call it a mile and a half. Your mathematics is newer than mine and you can reckon out how far we've got to tramp to half circle around to a point about opposite here and dead to windward.

"How big is a moose yard? Well, you might as well ask how big is an island? They vary. Right around here they may be anywhere from a mile to three or four miles across, and of many shapes, according to the lay o' the land and the depth of the snow and the abundance and position of feed. I've taken a chance on this one being at least a mile and a half across at this point, because I happen to know that on the opposite side about that distance from here there is a barren where there isn't any decent feed.

"But you see the sun is warming things up and coming out brighter every minute. That may make things harder for us, because in this bitter cold weather the moose are apt to lie out on the edges of the yard in the sun, and as that barren is about the only open part over in that direction our quarry will be apt to be out in the open. If he is it will be a difficult job to get within

"What's that you say? Lying down face to the wind? Never, my lad. A moose always lies, down, feeds, and one might almost say lives, with his tail (or the spot where the tail ought to be if he had one) to the wind and his nose to leeward.

"This is so that he can see everything in the direction from which he can hear and smell nothing or very little, while sounds and scents come to his big nose and ears from behind just as well as if he faced the wind. He is thus protected from both sides."

While delivering this lecture Uncle Ned led the way on the direct back track for a quarter of a mile, and then turned off to he right on a gradual circle which led around a long hardwood ridge, seemingly miles away from the "seat of war." From time to time he stopped to examine young maples and other trees stripped or chiselled by the sharp front teeth and prehensile lip of a moose, or to make sure of the direction of the wind.

football player, was deeply grateful for every such pause, however brief, for he was not yet quite inured to a twenty mile tramp through soft snow, nor was he used to moccasins which were so slippery that he seemed to need twice as much muscle to keep his feet as would be necessary in a dry country. Nevertheless he was enjoying admire the fairyland beauty of the snow festooned evergreens shot through with the sunlight, which made them flash as

ing the lever slowly, thus avoiding the noise incident to throwing in a cartridge from the magazine, which in lever rifles is loud enough to soare any animal at close

here a minute while I push out and have

to his feet with thumping heart and fumbled

for his cartridge. in the bush.

The young hunter choked down a very himself together.

"Lucky it came when it did," he thought.

information that there were no moose on the barren after all and that they would have to advance into the yard from windward.

"Put a cartridge in your rifle," he said,

From the nature of the country he knew pretty well that they were now at the extreme southern end of the yard, which on this side probably extended at least half a mile, since the barren was about that width at this point and there was no growth on

He began by leading the way as cautiously as a wildcat into the second growth for fifty yards and then parallel with the barren. When the whole width of the barren had been traversed without result the old man turned and started into the yard at a wide angle, and not directly into the wind. Twice they zigzagged like this, when suddenly the leader stopped and his jaw dropped. Eagerly he examined a brand new browsing

and shook his head dubiously. Instead of going on he made a small half circle behind the browsing, but finally came back to it, nodding reassuringly to the lad. He had found that the moose, a big bull, as the track from the browsing to leeward showed, had not gone further down wind, and hence they had not gone by him.

But he could not be far away now. Slowly and with the greatest care they followed the track until it suddenly turned to the left, causing the leader to stop and retrace his steps, his companion going first at a sign from him, They must have passed the bull at a very short distance during the last

rigzag. Going back a couple of hundred yards they turned again directly into the wind and cautiously ascended a slight elevation povered with a heavy hardwood growth. When they were nearly at the top Uncle Ned turned and pulled his companion to

the earth, whispering:
"By the thinness of the trees there we shall probably find the other side of this shall probably find the other side of this bare, and I shouldn't be surprised-well, ook out!"

Both rose, and the older man, taking his companion by the shoulders, gently shoved him a little toward the right, motioning him to proceed in that direction over the brow of the ridge. He himself turned a little to the left and both men silently equirmed through the fast thinning trees until, as their heads cleared the top and s view of the clearing, an old loggers' cutting overgrown with young birch and maple was afforded, something black in a little clump of maples about eighty or ninety yards distant caught their eyes.

It was nearer to the young man than his companion, and he immediately knelt down and cocked his rifle as noise as possible. Uncle Ned saw and did like wise, keeping his eye on the lad, who, first examining the ground carefully, crawled forward on hands and knees until he judged that he could see the moose when he rose.

His heart beat like a triphammer, and he paused just a moment to get the mastery of his nerves. Then he crept up behind a big birch and lifted himself slowly on one knee. Yes, it was a moose, and a bull, a big bull, feeding carelessly on the saplings and apparently enjoying the warm sun-

Carelessly did I say? Not a bit of it, for at that very moment he stopped browsing and looked steadily at the very tree that sheltered the young hunter, whose rifle was already gleaming in the sun, as its owner glanced along the sights. The bull started and turned half around. other second and he would be off.

The young man stilled his heart, caught the sights together on the animal's shoulder and pressed the trigger. At the report the big beast started off without a quiver. Bang! rang out Uncle Ned's .45-70. Bang! again from the .35. The moose was gone.

"Come on!" shouted Uncle Ned, sprinting down the slope with the swiftness of youth. When they got to the place where the bull had stood a few drops of blood caused

the boy's heart to beat with triumph. "We hit him!" he shouted. "He's ours!" He started after the fleeing quarry. "Hold on, my lad," called out the old

man, "better not follow a wounded animal." "Why not? Is he dangerous?" Uncle Ned smiled.

"Well, he might be, but that isn't the reason. If you let him alone and he's badly hit he'll soon lie down and get stiff. so you can overtake him when he tries to run. Or more likely he'll bleed so that he can't stand up if he tries. But if you follow and scare him he's likely to run clean out of the county." The old man was right, for they had

not gone fifty yards into the swamp before they came upon the bull lying stone dead with a .35 bullet through lungs and heart.

Then came the prosaic part of the work. the skinning, cutting up and toting the head and the meat, or part of it, back to camp.

BIRDS AS SENTINELS

Dangers of a Methodist Circuit Rider in Texas in Early Days.

AUSTIN, Tex., Jan. 26.-The Rev. W J. Joyce, chaplain of the House of Representatives of the State Legislature, encountered when he was a circuit rider upon the frontier. In speaking of his experiences he said the other day:

"I hope that I may be pardoned for saying that it required courage to be a Methodist circuit rider in Texas in the early days. Forty years ago I travelled the Uvalde Methodist mission circuit, which was at that time three hundred miles around and

that time three hundred miles around and from thirty to sixty miles between appointments. Every mile of the distance was beset with dangers from Indians.

"In travelling the 300 miles of the circuit, of course, I got very lonesome and weary. I adopted some odd methods to get a little leave and rest at midday.

sleep and rest at midday.

"Being alone I could not post sentinels while I sleep and I knew it was dangerous to lie down without taking some precaution to warn me in case Indians made their approach. I frequently used birds and animals as sentinels.

"If I could locate a drove of buzzards in a tree I would make my way to a point as close to them as possible and lie down. I knew that if Indians should approach the buz-zards would flop their wings and fly away from the place and that the noise would

awaken me.

"On one occasion I slipped as near as I could to a herd of cattle and allowed them to act as sentinels for me while I slept. Another time I carefully worked my way through the brush in a very narrow cow trail that led to the Leona River, and there, closely hidden from the searching eyes of

closely hidden from the searching eyes of any Indians that might be prowling about, I had my nap.

"On another trip I found the same resting place, and when I had been refreshed by a good sleep I mounted my horse and rode three or four miles further up the river and stopped to get a drink of water at a little shack where a lone settler lived. He had located at that spot, far from civilization, in the hope that he could make a fortune in raising cattle and then return to his old home raising cattle and then return to his old home and marry the girl he loved. "I saw the fresh skin of a big Mexican bear

lying in the yard. I asked the man where he got it, and he replied that he killed the animal in the thicket where I had just taken

Absentminded Mar From the Denver Post.

"I guess I had the most absentminded man in the world in my chair this morning. said a Seventeenth street barber yesterday

said a Seventeenth street barber yesterday.

"He came in and sat down near the door to wait his turn. I yelled 'next' at him two or three times when my chair was vacant, but he was dreaming and didn't hear me. Finally I touched him on the shoulder and told him I was ready for him.

"What do you want me to do?' he asked.

"'Why, get in the chair if you want anything,' I replied. "This is a barber shop."

"Oh, yes,' he said, and then he got into the chair. He leaned back so I let the chair down and shaved him. He didn't have a word to say. When I finished him up he got out of the chair and took the check over to the cashier. He paid and started out. When half way through the door he stopped.

"Say,' he said to me, 'what did you do to me?"

"'I shaved you,' I said.
"'Darn the luck," he replied, 'I wanted a sircut.' Then he went out scowling."

Off Came the Hats.

From the Kansas City Star. It isn't hard to persuade women to remove their hats "in meetin'," when you know how to go about it. Harry K. Shields, the singer who assists the Rev. R. H. Crossfield, the evangelist, in his revival meetings, knows This is the way he did it yesterday at the First Christian Church, Eleventh and

at the First Christian Church, Eleventh and Locust streets.

"We want a good song service this afternoon," he said, "but before beginning I want to ask the women in the audience to join with me in a breathing exercise. You know to sing well you must breathe well. First I'll ask you to raise your right arm and take a full breath. Then put your hand on the back of your hat and—remove one hat pin, then the second.

"Ah, I see you're taking them off. Now let's sing the first verse of No.—."

And the women didn't mind it a bit.

A CHANCE FOR THE BUFFALO

hundred head. BISON SOCIETY'S EFFORT TO PRE-

Only About 2,000 of the Animals Now Alive-Conditions Which the Society Thinks Call for Government Action-Breaking Young Buffaloes to Harnes

It is estimated that some 2,000 buffaloes are now alive, counting the Canadian herd, estimated to contain 500. Yet it is supposed that at the close of the civil war there were still millions of them on the plains. It is to protect enough of them to prevent the absolute extermination of the species that the American Bison Society was organized.

The virtual extermination of the species came with almost startling suddenness Hundreds of men set out to hunt the buffaloes as usual in the season of 1884, to hunt them as they had done in the season of 1883. They could not find any. The buffalo was gone. The parties drove back to the towns empty handed, wondering what had become of the race of buffaloes.

So sudden was the extermination the end caught the killers themselves unprepared. The Smithsonian Institution was caught without an adequate set of specimens. An expedition under William T. Hornaday had to be sent out in haste to secure the specimens

A herd of four hundred animals remained

to Western ranchmen. They total several nal way. He has enlisted the help of the

buffaloes themselves.

He secured access to the Corbin herd and

borrowed two likely young bull calves. After a year of training, these were driven

in team with reins and bit at shows and

The bison calf wants to fight about an

hour after he is born. Training Mr.

Baynes's bison team was no easy matter.

Nobody but a naturalist and student of

Mr. Baynes was a sprinter of some form

in college days. That also helped. Some

of the first lessons consisted in sessions in

which the team-to-be chased him about the

lot. The calves had been taken only a few

By and by the pair were induced to abide

bridle and harness. After a longer while

they were taught to obey the rein. The

hardest lesson was to teach them not to

For a long time the naturalist hanging

on in a light wagon behind a team of madly

careering bison was a familiar figure on

run away every time that they felt frisky.

months old, so that no harm came of it.

animals, perhaps, could have done it.

exhibitions in New England last autumn.

In the East there is the Corbin herd, in Blue Mountain Park, near Meriden, N. H. This herd of about 150 head has been care-VENT ITS EXTERMINATION.

fully kept pure blooded. It is said to be free from the taint com mon among captive bison, the cross with domestic cattle.

The Western herds have been sometim allowed, sometimes made, to cross with domestic cattle. The younger animals in these hards are, therefore, in most cases likely to be of impure race. The proportion of pure blooded buffalo in these constantly decreasing.

Such are the conditions making for the final annihilation of the species to-day, according to Ernest Harold Baynes, who is fighting for the bison.

Only eighteen true wild buffalo remain in this country to-day-those in the Yellowstone Park. Of captive animals there are still a number left, mostly those taken before the end of the great killing and their offspring. But these are all exposed to one danger or another.

The ranch buffaloes breed hybrids. It has and third generations.



playfulness of the puppy and the strength of the ox. They liked to roll and tumble about, and were quite unaware of their They had an adventurous liking for long trips over new roads. An attractive looking road was a temptation for them to take the bit into their teeth. Lightfooted, they liked to pull the naturalist over the steeper On one such trip they pulled the driver and another, with a weight of baggage, over one of the neighboring ranges and back, a dis-

fancies.

private herds still exist-wealthy people's

Hampshire, and the Whitney herd on Oc-

tober Mountain, the animals really thrive;

they breed regularly and grow hardy, well

formed young. The future of the parked

private herds is precarious, though, because

they are private. Their existence depends

Well parked, as the Corbin herd in New

in Yellowstone Park. Poachers have reduced it to eighteen animals. There is one wild herd left in Canada, and the poachers are not allowed to get at it. These animals, perhaps five hundred, range over the Peace River country, southwest of Great Slave Lake. They thrive and propa-

gate, but cannot raise their young. The wolf packs beset them. No number of woives dare to try to pull down the bull bisons or even the cows, but they ambush the calves. A frisky calf is pretty sure to stray off a few rods from his mother pack gets at him.

His throat is torn open in an instant In the next the parent has charged up to protect him. Too late; and the killers have started back for their cover. At a safe distance they sit on their

haunches, lick the blood and hair off their jaws and watch. By and by the bisons move away, to pasture further. The wolves find the calf where he has fallen. If the wolves could be exterminated these last wild bison would thrive in spite of short pasture and deep snows. But the wolves are doing well. The Canadian bison herd seem not likely to last longer than the pres-

The other animals are in captivity. Shows and menageries keep a great part of these. There are besides several herds belonging

Spy System,

dean-revolves about all that is left of that

Byron Satterlee Hurlbut, A. M., pro-

desires of the administrative board and the

"Be a gentleman," he says to all students.

"Attend your recitations and your lectures

And he makes it three with the trite

ommand, which has been put into figures

by the faculty: "Watch out for your

faculty into three short precepts.

DISCIPLINE AT HARVARD. edged that until a short time ago he believed that the remarkable knowledge possessed by Dean Briggs of the shortcomings of students must have had as a foundation a scheme of espionage. As a matter of fact there is no place in the world where a spy 'Be a Gentleman" Sums Up the Rules-No Around the dean, the recorder and the regent-and the greatest of these is the system of any kind is less needed than at

old disciplinary system at Harvard which, One thing naturally Dean Hurlbut insists on, even if it be silently, when a man faces him. There must be no lying. tradition saith, ruled that a rowboat was a "The office" is ready to condone almost domestic animal, and therefore forbinden of Harvard students, and which evolved a anything, if it can be condoned without damage to the college, the university and the offender himself, but there is not any most elaborate "List of Pecuniary Mulcts" for discouraging undergraduates from ompromising with the liar. It is short dining or supping in private houses, and for stamping out impiety and other crimes

In the old days, says the Boston Herald, discipline was maintained by the faculty mainly by the laying on of fines. There was a fine for the man who was absent without permission, and there was a fine lessor of English and dean of Harvard College, has crystallized his wishes and the for the man who reported at a recitation oo early.
There were fines for drunkenness-light

fines, it strikes the render of Quincy's history of Harvard -fines for skating, for kennelling animals in dormitories, inattention at prayers, brawling, going up on top of the college, rude conduct at commons, impiety, and many other things so many that to enumerate the list takes a page of Quincy's history. Even as recently as seventy-five years ago it was cause for discipline if a student missed morning prayers—and they

were held at 6. To-day the liberty of the Harvard man One official in University Hall has acknowl- who watches out for his grades is practi-

tance of some thirty miles, New Hampshire measure, in a day. The trip gave them appetites and a longing for home.

When they struck the familiar home trail they disregarded the rule about running away. The expedition reached home in dashing style, with the riders hanging to the wagon for dear life.

To the animals' credit they behaved perfectly at the Boston Sportsmen's Show where they were a great success in their mission of arousing interest.

Mr. Baynes points to what the American Bison Society and its friends have already accomplished and believes that much will be done. The Government has accepted a herd of twelve buffalo and will put them on an area of fifteen square miles set apart on the Wichita reservation. There they will be taken this year after calving time. They are expected to return to their wild habite and to thrive, with little care. Without mischance they will increase fapidly, the scientists believe. This is the type of colonization which the society aims for.

Its intention is to secure the planting of similar herds on various Government and State lands. The animals in these colonies are to be virtually at liberty within a large fenced area and to be left to find their own food as far as possible. By this means it is hoped to insure the perpetuation of living examples of the once mighty animal.

cally unlimited. There is no longer even a residence rule. He need not even know what the interior of Appleton Chapel looks like. He may do about anything in his room that anybody may do in a respectable place may report at his room at any hour of the day or night or not at all, and may and does constantly violate the arcient and does constantly violate the ancien rule relating to entertaining other men in his room over night. Probably there is no other college in the country

Strict Obedience.

Mrs. Flint was a very stern woman, who de-manded instant and unquestioning obedience from her children. One afternoon a storm came up and she sent her son John to close the trap leading to the flat roof of the house.

Yes, but mother --- "

"All right, mother, if you say so, but---"

"John!"

John slowly climbed the stairs and shut the trap. The afternoon went by, and the storm howled and raged. Two hours later the family gathered for tea, and when the meal was half over Aunt Mary, who was staying with Mrs. Flint, had not appeared. Mrs. Flint started an investigation. She did not have to ach many questions: John answered the first one.

pictures and writing he has found an origi-

JUDGE SMITH, WALKING ABROAD.

The Snake Had Previously Met a Goldfineh -Stants Following the Encounters -Biggest Surprise at the End as the

Judge Tells It-Birds' Duet of Thanks.

Occasionally a miracle, or something akin to one, happens in the backyard. The Judge reported a series of them last week.

spring. The Judge opened the back door and let in a half tropical breeze from the

It was an ideal day for a stroll into the fastnesses of his possessions "abaft the quarter deck," as the Judge might say after writing a sea story. He noted a bush prematurely flowering.

middle of a fine bunch of them was a splotch of yellow and black emitting melody. The Judge recognized the splotch as a thistle bird, or American goldfinch. He walked toward the songster and as he did so the music ceased.

range, because the barren is nearly flat.

His young college companion, though

with myriad jewels. Uncle Ned had lapsed from loquacity into absolute silence, which the younger man knew to be the surest sign that their objective was not far away. Uncle Ned in the lead carried his Winchester .45-70 by the barrel with the butt over his shoulder, while his companion carried his .35 with muzzle to the rear. In neither barrel was a cartridge, but each man carried a single one in his most available pocket in order to load in a jiffy by merely revers-

quarters. Finally the old man halted and said in a whisper: "Yonder is the barren, Wait

a look." So saying he disappeared. The college man sat down on a snow covered log and waited five, ten minutes. Suddenly there was a wild scramble right behind the log and the young man jumped

For a second he most undoubtedly had a sharp attack of buck ague, for he utterly forgot to slip his thick glove off and could not force it into his pocket. He retreated a step or two during the operation and gazed wildly in the direction of the noise, just in time to see a big rabbit disappear

forcible expletive and was just recovering from the foolish feeling which followed when Uncle Ned reappeared as noiselessly as he had gone. The younger man pulled

"Never again buck fever for me."

Uncle Ned communicated to him the

and be careful how you carry it, for your life's sake and mine. Never a word out of either of us from now on."

it that offered any feed.

Harvard doesn't even maintain a system of spies, though it would be hard to convince some of the sinning undergraduates of that.

of enormity.

regularly," he adds.

sooner or later. That is when the watchful tain. These are the conditions that have

on the fancy of individuals. The owner may tire of his pets, or his heirs may not be inclined to maintain them on valuable lands. Their future is uncermade it seem necessary to Mr. Baynes and his associates to insure preservation by surer means. They believe that the State or the national Government should provide

this means. One of the earliest supporters of the movement was President Roosevelt. He lent to the organization of the buffalo preservers, the American Bison Society, his name as honorary president. W. T. Hornaday of the New York Zoological Park President David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford University, Dr. T. S. Palmer of the Biological Survey, Gifford Pinchot and Prof. F. W. Hooper of the Brooklyn Institute

are interested in the movement. Mr. Baynes has been busy propagating popular interest in the scheme. He believes that besides the usual method of lectures,

> undergraduate is given so many privileges, and probably at no other place are the privileges taken more as a matter of course

From the San Francisco Argonaut.

But, mother-" said John. "John, I told you to shut the trap."

"John, shut that trap "

first one. "Please, mother, she is up on the roof."

MEETS A SNAKE.

Judge Harold I. Smith of Midvale, N. J., ndulges a taste for ornithology and entomology when he is not engaged in the pursuit of literature and Midvale criminals. He has several miles of backyard and he believes that everything that flies and crawls in New Jersey finally gets there.

The mild January weather had waked up the snakes, and unfamiliar birds, deceived by the sprouting grass and the mild temperature, were trilling greetings to

south.

The flowers were snow white and in the

As he stepped close to the bush the Judge saw coiled on a branch just below the bird a large blacksnake, with head uplifted. The eyes of the snake held those of the bird with an irresistible hypnotism and the bird was trembling in every fibre. "If there ever was a case of a bird charmed

by a snake," the Judge said, "this was one. I had a stick in my hand and I put the small end of it under the snake and tossed it to the ground. I did not test the power of the human eye on it, resferring to use the stick. which was very effective. "As I struck the snake the bird came out of the spell that had been cast upon it, let

out a flood of song, its hymn of deliverance, and flew off, lighting on a branch of a shrub a few hundred feet away. Just then the dying snake gulped and there came from its mouth another goldfinch. "The bird in the bush trilled a call and the little creature on the ground began to stir.

In a few seconds it was on its feet. Then it piped a feeble note to its mate, took wing and flew a bit unsteadily to the bush. "The two birds sat there until the one that had been in the snake had rested and after treating me to a duet of thanks they flew

off together." SNOWSHOEING.

How to Guard Against Three Great Ills -Care of Shoes. An experienced woodsman takes mighty good care of his snowshoes. He knows their importance.

If there are dogs around the snowshoes must be hung out of their reach at night. Following the long trail day after day and sometimes week after week would shorten the life of the shoes if they were always worn on the same foot, so a careful man changes both his moccasins and snowshoes from right to left every morning. This from right to left every morning. This

insures even wearing. Men often carry with them a gimlet, a crooked knife and a few fathoms of babiche, the thongs of which the shoes are knit. If a break occurs or there is an accidental on the spot.
When snowshoes become wet they should

When snowshoes become wet they should never be dried near the fire, says a writer in Recreation, but by the night frost or the wind. The heat will so affect the babiche that the shoe will give out all over. If this happens on a long journey it is a calamity that affects the whole party, for a calamity that affects the whole party, for a man cannot be left behind.

Blistered feet and mal de raquette are afflictions on the long trail. So is snow blindness. But by proper precaution they may be avoided.

The principal cause of blistered feet is having irritating access and keeping the

having irritating socks and keeping the feet too warm. Properly tying the snow-shoe strings and bridle is a help in escaping the affliction.

Some make the mistake of adjusting the foot rigidly to the snowshoe. The great secret is play of the foot in the sock, a loose moccasin over the sock, play of foot in the snowshoe strings and freedom under the bridle. This, with ventilation about the ankle (that is, only the leather shoe upper about it) will enable one to walk day after day without discomfort.

Mal de raquette generally overtakes one when the snow is deep and heavy, which causes an unusual strain on the muscles of the lower leg. The veins become clotted by overheating and the blood being kept in the lower extremities.

In a very bad case of neglect, from the knee down (sometimes in one leg but more frequently in both) the limbs swell to two or three times their normal size and turn black; when the foot is moved an audible rasping sound is plainly heard at a distance of ten or twenty feet and the sufferer endures great agony. of ten or twenty feet and the sufferer endures great agony.

The prelude to this disease is a numbness or tired feeling. When this is noticed the person should bare his legs to the thigh, after the campfire has been started, and jump into the snow. When he has stayed till it has become unbearable, let him go to the fire and rub each leg vigorously with a coarse towel or an empty.

ously with a coarse towel or an empty sack till a thorough circulation is restored Next day he will be as fresh as ever. When the symptoms are only slight some men suspend their feet on a strap or a pole and lie and smoke their after supper pipe while the blood flows back to the body. But the former way is the public the straight of the straight supper straight and the straight supper str

But the former way is the quicker and the For downright agony snow blindness is the worst of snowshoeing ills. Blinding hot tears run constantly from the sufferer seyes. The only cure is rest in a darkened room or camp. The patient is actually blind. A foot from his face everything is

It is not generally known that continuous walking on snowshoes lengthens a man's stride very considerably. I have known men, whose usual summer step about the fort would be twenty-nine or thirty inches, to have increased by the spring (after considerable tripping on snow-shoes) to thirty-three or thirty-six money. This lengthening out is imperceptibly acquired and it takes them a month to get back to the shoet could be the state of the shoet could be the shoet to the shoet t back to the short, quick step of the

back to the short, quick step of the previous year.

With good footing one gets over distances much quicker and with less fatigue on snowshoes than without them. Men of the North, be they Indians or whites, prefer to wear their snowshoes even on four inches of snow rather than be slipping about with their moccasins only.

Four or five inches of snow on a good solid foundation such as ice or frozen muskeg makes ideal walking, and a young, vigorous man will reel off the mdes three or four an hour and keep it up all day, yes and for days on end.

and for days on end.

The snowshoe string proper should be five feet long and three-quarters of an inch broad. Thick dressed moose hide is what is generally used, as once thoroughly stretched it remains so. Strings of well dressed calfskin are equally good. Once adjusted they will remain unchanged for months.

To tie the snowshoe to the foot, place To tie the snowshoe to the foot, place the toe under the bridle and draw the two long strands of the main string up through the postholes until the loop sets comfortably on top of the heel under the ankle bone; pass the left side over to the right in front. passing the end under the bridle; take the right hand side string and pass its end under the left hand strand and on top of the bridle—this makes them grissorous with

bridle—this makes them crisscross, with the bridle engaging the two. The strands are then looped one on each side of the foot a little back of the band and the two ends behind the foot out of the way.